Conjugal Visit

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20242099.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Bedelia Du Maurier, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Freddie Lounds
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Sex Toys, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Anal Sex, Animalistic Behavior
Language:	English
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-14 Updated: 2019-09-14 Words: 9,461 Chapters: 5/?

Conjugal Visit

by orphan_account

Summary

Will visits Hannibal in prison. It doesn't end well for Hannibal. Or does it?

Inspired by reapersun's NSFW art on twitter

Tags will be added as they go

Notes

Prompted by ninayoshi on the kinkmeme server to write a fic 'where Will is fucking himself in front of Hannibal and Hannibal goes absolute ballistic' after seeing reapersun's wonderful art piece

which you can find on their NSFW account:
https://twitter.com/rednoonsun_art/status/1159494482770976768

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Prompted by ninayoshi on the kinkmeme server to write a fic 'where Will is fucking himself in front of Hannibal and Hannibal goes absolute ballistic' after seeing reapersun's wonderful art piece
>
> which you can find on their NSFW account: Link

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will felt dread and anticipation in equal measure as he walked to Hannibal's cell, barely hearing the jeering from the inmates he passed. While he greatly appreciates Alana letting him go by himself, it gave him more time to mull over what he's about to do. More importantly, how he really feels beside anger, because let's be honest, he knows how complicated his emotions are whenever Hannibal is involved, much to his dismay.

It is both a blessing and a curse when he reaches the door of Hannibal's room. Standing before it his mind supplies him with a traitorous thought: Hannibal could probably smell him through the door. His body produces a rush of slick at the thought. He pushes the door open before he can change his mind.

Across the room he sees Hannibal laying on his cot feigning sleep, but the shallowness of his breath betrays his state. It also gives Will the assurance that he could get to Hannibal biologically. While he knew Hannibal had feelings for him he was never sure where they began and where they ended. A flutter of hope bloomed in his chest. He brushes it off as hope for the plan being the reason.

"Hello Doctor Lecter" Will takes a few steps into the room, the door behind him closing with a sound of finality.

He watches as Hannibal gets up from his bed. The older man's expression shows no reaction whatsoever to being caught. His gaze trails the figure walking across the cell until he stops behind his desk. Hannibal could fool anyone else with his indifference but Will knows better. Hannibal is keeping his distance.

"Hello Will, what brings you here in your...condition? Certainly, you could spare enough time to take care of it. Or did Jack insist?" Hannibal's gaze drops to the satchel hanging at Will's side filled with what he assumes is more information on the Dragon.

Will could feel the smirk wanting to spread across his features, but he keeps it down. Knowing Hannibal's mental prowess wouldn't save him for much longer is an incredibly

powerful feeling. Hannibal wouldn't be controlling the conversation with his vague meanings and diversions.

"He didn't. I came here of my own volition" He turned his head away exposing his throat to Hannibal. He seems as if he were unsure if he should voice his next thought, too lost in thought to notice what he is doing. Will knows he isn't fooling Hannibal but despite that he see Hannibal tense slightly in his peripheral. He preens at the small victory, but it's only a small taste of what's to come. He finds he is disappointed that he can't smell the reaction but at the cost of lucidity he can't complain about the blockers that much.

Just to twist the knife in he turns his gaze to Hannibal, looking up from under his lashes slightly "Actually I don't think he even knows I'm here."

Hannibal tries to seem unimpressed by Will's attempt at manipulation but it's apparent the gesture and Will's constantly seeping pheromones are wearing at his control. Trying to gain it back he prods "How about your wife? Does she know you're here with me in such a state?"

Will feels the anger wash over him at the remark, dulling the pleasure he'd been feeling. How dare he? After what he attempted to do to her and Wally.

"Yes" He grounds out. Hannibal appears smug. Will thinks of how he'll wipe that look off his face, reminding himself to keep calm.

Hannibal raises a brow in amusement "She's confident you won't imprint on me?"

"Yes."

"Really? Knowing we haven't been able to properly rule out the possibility that it could happen naturally let alone during heat. I must say I am impressed with her faith in you." He deliberately pauses before adding. "Unless you forgot to mention it."

Will glances at Hannibal hands which are resting against the desk. He can see them flexing as the man resists moving closer to Will. Will looks back up at Hannibal unimpressed and is rewarded with a dampening of Hannibal's grin.

"You don't have to worry. I let her know that I would be extra careful and would be taking bonding repressors and all the flair goes with it."

"Repressors that are not as effective when one is in heat." Hannibal presses.

"You're very fixed on my heat *Doctor* Lecter" Sarcasm clinging to the alpha's title "Our entire conversation has revolved around it. It seems selfish to talk about myself when I came to see you."

"You are not being selfish if I'm the one who is asking, dear boy." He twitches minutely at the endearment, which doesn't go unnoticed, "I only ask to make sure your comfortable, it would be remiss of me if my guest were uncomfortable and I did not attempt to help alleviate their discomfort."

Will fights the urge to roll his eyes at the utter bullshit he is being fed. But it brings an opportunity that Will jumps on.

“You know I am feeling a bit uncomfortable.” He sees the slight narrowing of Hannibal’s eyes at the admission. “I wouldn’t want you to feel like a bad host. I *should* take care of my problem”

Will takes off the satchel he is wearing setting it on the floor before stripping off his clothes. He manages to remove his shirt before Hannibal gets over his initial shock. Will knows he would have said something almost immediately had the man been clear-headed. Another clue to how much closer Will was driving him to rut. That and he had been staring dazed at Will’s chest before tearing his eyes away to Will’s face.

Hannibal’s voice is considerably thicker when he speaks. “Will this is-”

“What Doctor Lecter? I’m only doing what you suggested, I’m "alleviating" myself like you said” He slides his pants and underwear off in one smooth motion, tossing them on his discarded shirt. He adds his socks and shoes to the pile. He turns and bending down to riffle through the bag he brought making sure that his ass is in full view. The muffled growl behind him elicits a pleased grin.

He keeps his back to Hannibal as he stands, keeping the item in his hand from Hannibal’s vision. Facing the man again he notices Hannibal has moved closer. The man only a few feet from the glass, much like Will. Hannibal isn’t out of his mind yet but it won’t be long before he succumbs to full blown rut.

Will stalks closer to the glass. Hannibal does the same. This close Hannibal’s maroon eyes can be seen clearly, his irises almost entirely engulfed by black. Satisfied for bring him this far Will brings his left hand forward to reveal the large toy. It’s a large black silicone dildo boasting a large knot at the shaft’s base and a suction cup on the bottom.

Hannibal bares his teeth at the toy letting loose a low growl, before what had realizing what transpired, looking abashed at the slip. Will shivers at the sound and has to squash the urge to placate the alpha by bearing his neck.

“Jealous?” he teases. He is rewarded with another growl and a wall of the alpha’s pheromones accosts him. The blockers applied under his nose yielding to the intensity and proximity Hannibal's scent enough to give him a taste. Past the overwhelming musk of upcoming rut he could detect the notes of orange blossom, cedarwood and the barest hint of spearmint, that made up the doctor's normal smell. He hated to admit the smell, was absolutely mouth watering, arousing him further.

Will wet his fingers with saliva, smearing it across the toy's suction cup. He sticks it to the floor a foot from the glass, leaving it there for now. He strokes his semi-hard length while observing Hannibal’s transfixed gaze, now focused on his dick. He then looks up at Will an oddly vulnerable expression plastered across his features.

“Will”

The omega feels a pang in his chest at the expression. He pushes it away in anger. He gathers some of the slick that is rapidly gathering on his thighs with his free hand. Reaching through the hole in the glass he spreads the slick on Hannibal's side. Will watches rapt as the Alpha sinks to his knees, shuffling towards the glass. Feels the satisfaction wash over him as the older man takes a deep breath of it before laving his tongue across the glass repeatedly. Once it's clean he leans back to look at Will. The alpha shows no embarrassment at the act having fully succumbed to instinct.

Letting his cock go the omega drops into a crouch before the alpha, poised right over the toy, the tip of it rubbing right at his hole. He holds Hannibal's gaze slowly piercing himself on the dildo. Will lets out a sigh of pleasured relief, the feeling of being filled slightly soothing the nagging heat of his body.

Hannibal braces an arm against the glass puffing out little breaths of exertion. He flicks his intense stare between Will's face and his hole, watching as the omega lifts himself off the toy. Will pauses a moment before lowering himself back down.

Will goes slowly for a few minutes teasing the both of them, before increasing his pace to a faster tempo. The raw noises Hannibal makes is music to his ears.

"Don't you wish this was you? Filling me with your cock?" He glances down at Hannibal's bulge. The mere mentioning of it snaps Hannibal into action. Giving Will the wonderful view of Hannibal unzipping the front of his jacket so violently he almost rips the zipper right off. Hannibal begins stroking himself in time with Will's bouncing. He isn't sure if it's on purpose.

Hannibal's cock is large, uncut, colored an angry red. Will becomes transfixed by the sight of it and the newly exposed area of flesh with it. He has never seen lower than Hannibal's neck before. His eyes can't decide what to stay on, that lush pelt or his cock.

He can't help it when he increases his pace as he's flooded with another wave of arousal. Slick gushes around the toy in the process. His voice changes from reserved breathing and grunting to full moans and whines. They only get louder when he shifts the angle of his hips, causing the toy to rub against his prostate directly. He isn't the only one affected by the new pace. Hannibal begins a steady chant of "Will", "omega", and "mine" between a litany of growls and broken moans. He hears Hannibal's name then realizes he's the one saying it. He doesn't stop.

He also notices a strange feeling, a light fog in his mind, one like heat brings but different in the fact that he is still himself. His mind simply can't be bothered to focus on anything besides this. Side effects from the medicine his mind supplies before giving up on that train of thought in favor of examining the trail of sweat gliding down Hannibal's torso.

He can feel himself getting close. Guessing by the size of Hannibal's knot he knows the alpha is too.

Will bounces on the toy a few more times before sinking all the way down, forcing knot into his ass. The synthetic knot presses firmly against his prostate, tipping him over the edge. His vision whites out as he feels come splatter across his chest. He closes his eyes from the

intensity of his orgasm. A moment later he hears Hannibal let out a frustrated groan. He opens his eyes to see that Hannibal is still painfully hard, a puddle of come on the floor before him.

Hannibal expression is pitiful as he let out a whimper of need. Hannibal drops his arm, shuffling his hips forward, his forehead to the glass, as he starts rubbing his cock against the glass. As if that will get the omega to appear before him. Said omega can't help but laugh at the pathetic sight.

Will takes a moment to enjoy the afterglow. And the show that comes with it, his head clear enough to properly enjoy it. Hannibal's cries were getting needier by the second.

"Does your knot hurt? Oh poor baby" Will coos in a mockingly sweet tone,receiving a long whine in return.

As soon as his high fades and his legs stop quaking, Will stands up. The toy slips from his body and the omega lets out an involuntary cry of discontent. The noise causing Hannibal to redouble his efforts of getting closer to the omega.

Will cleans the mess before gathering his things with a spring in his step. After getting dressed, much the alpha's dismay, he makes his way to the door to spend the rest of his heat at home. When Hannibal's cries get louder Will smile turns wicked. The expression fades and is slowly replaced with a feeling of nausea, unease and dread the further down the hallway he gets.

The dread intensified when walking back to Hannibal's cell causes his unease and nausea to disappear. He goes up and down the hallway three times before accepting his fate.

He imprinted.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Willsblackstag drew a spectacular image of a flushed Hannibal. I recommend you take a look link

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The aftermath

Chapter Notes

This was originally going to be a one-shot, but this fic would leave me alone.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Of course, he bonds with Hannibal Lecter. He should have considered it with his luck. He's had an abnormally long break from being fucked over, and now the universe was setting itself right. It *could* have been when he actual liked Hannibal but *no* he was too sick. Or hell even when he was trying to lure Hannibal, but he'd been taking repressors that actually worked. No, instead it happens when he's finally gotten a normal life together.

To be fair, when he was luring Hannibal he had decided to go on heat suppressants in addition to imprinting repressors. At the time he had been above going that low and using his body as a weapon. He laughs mirthlessly at the thought. Maybe if he had he would have been spared his 'smile'. The smile on his face turns sour, what would that have meant for Abby?

'He probably would have done it anyway. There's no point thinking about missed opportunities. Think about what you're going to do now'

What was he going to do? Let everyone know he's as messed up as they fear he is. What would Molly say? Something like it's not his fault and she should have stopped him when he was hell-bent on revenge. Just like she said she was to blame for him being changed. She's too forgiving of his flaws, he doesn't deserve her.

With that out, he considers the possibility of being able to get hormone treatments to undo this mess without letting anyone know. Not likely, regardless of when he does it. If he were to do it before he goes back home, he would be able to get keep it from Molly but Jack and Alana might get wind of it. If he were to wait until he gets home Molly might get suspicious since he doesn't get out much. Even if he gets past those three he still has Freddie to look out for. As much as he hates it she's good at what she does.

He needs to hide the bond then, which will be a challenge in and of itself. 'If I'm lucky Hannibal will be out of commission for a while.' Meaning he won't be able to notice the

bond consciously. And maybe a few days after he recovers at the most if he believes the nausea is post-rut.

What Hannibal would do was anyone's best guess. Though Will would put money on him using the bond as leverage to get Will to stay. Whether that means blackmailing Will privately or revealing it to the whole world to put pressure on Will's already strained relationship with Molly in hopes they split up. He wasn't sure which Hannibal would go with or if he would pick some third underhanded tactic. Will was determined not to find out.

Plan in mind Will makes his way back to Alana to update her on Hannibal's state so he leaves. Maybe get a drink too. He notices that the nausea and unease, while uncomfortable, is manageable and stops getting worse after a point. Regardless he hopes that it would simmer down in a day or so when he was out of heat. He's pleased that his decision to do this near the end of his cycle was paying off. It makes carrying out his plan a whole lot easier.

Will gives himself a quick once over when he reaches Alana's office before knocking on the door. He enters after hearing a soft "come in" from the room. Alana is at her desk looking for all the world deeply concentrated on her work. But Will sees there is a slight worry to her brow. When she glances up, her face brightens slightly. Most likely it's because he appears calm and problem-free.

'If only she knew'

As if she could sense his thoughts, her expression took on a hint of caution, probably wondering if his calm is genuine. Will's respect for her grows, impressed by her unwillingness to be tricked by anyone again. 'Sorry Alana but you're going to be blind whether you like it or not'

"How did it go?" her face devoid of earlier caution. 'Nice attempt but a little late'

"It went well. Though he's really out of it." He gave a lazy grin "You may need to clean the glass on his side."

Alana laughs lightly. "I'll get someone on that as soon as he comes out of his rut. I think he can suck it up in the meantime. Do we need to get a cleanup crew for your side?" She teases half-serious.

Will rolls his eyes, "That won't be necessary, I am a responsible adult and I left your cell in the same condition I found it." Will gives her a sly look "Mostly. The smell may linger a bit unless someone were to properly mop right in front of the glass. It's not that strong unless you have a sensitive nose"

She gives him a mischievous look that says that part of the floor will somehow remain mop free.

That gets a laugh from both of them.

"I missed this" Alana says, mirth in her voice but her face is tinged with sadness.

“I did too. Still do” The answer honest. He longs for a time that feels decades ago, a time when they were really friends and not familiar strangers. It makes him feel guilty lying to her, but not enough to tell her the truth.

They stand in silence thinking about all that’s happened between them. Alana looks like she wants to say something but whatever it was she changes her mind. It’s a few more moments before she breaks the silence.

“What now?”

“I’m going to my hotel, my blockers and repressors are starting to wear off. So I’ll be out of commission for a while” He lies smoothly. When he gets back he's going to reapply the repressors, so they would block enough of his hormones to keep himself lucid. It's not good for his body to have more than one repressor while in heat. The effects wouldn’t be too terrible as it will be this one time.

Living with Molly had instilled healthier habits in him, so he was in much better shape to take the risk. And if he did get sick he would power through it.

Alana knows the side effects all too well being an omega and gives him a small smile of approval believing his lie.

“And after?” she implores

“I’ll catch the dragon.”

“How?”

“I’ll draw him out”

He turns and leaves before Alana can ask him any more questions.

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank raiast for helping me sort out and bounce around a few ideas that will be coming up in the future. It was because of her help that I felt confident enough with the outline to continue the story.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will picks up a bottle of bond relievers from the store on his way back. They reduce the symptoms of nausea and unease caused by being apart from one's mate. Though the majority of people who express these symptoms need to be at a much greater distance. Unless of course the bond is new or it's incomplete in Will's case. The medicine will work either way.

After taking the bond relievers and imprint repressors he feels much better. Not great but he'll live. The excuse of being caught up in heat is too good an opportunity to pass up over his discomfort. He's been through worse and he's fine. Relatively speaking.

He gets to work turning his vague plan into a much likelier reality.

His heat ends two days later a blur of calculations. Going over every possibility and outcome, assuming points various perspectives to assist in his planning. He knows it's not foolproof and he can't predict everything but he'll damned if he doesn't try.

He's pleased to find the repressors left no side effects. Almost no side effects. The night after his heat breaks, he dreams. The most vivid one he's had in a long time.

He dreams of silver shards of glass covering blue eyes He knows belong to his wife. He is a great beast towering over the fragile form. Power flows through the very marrow of His being. He feels His tail as it circles and curls around the limp body sprawled before His magnificence. He looks down knowing He will find his wife but she is gone. In her place is Hannibal, shards of silver removed from his eyes. In Hannibal's eyes He sees himself, the man, reflected better than any mirror. He marvels at the reflection, watching as the man in it morphs into something frightening, something other, within crimson pools.

He made an appointment with Bedelia that day. He had described to her his dream, leaving the part with Hannibal out. She told him of the unpredictability of brittle things and their breaking. Of Hannibal's confidence in finding a way to take any lives he built from him.

"And he has" The admission had felt more damning to him.

It unsettles him far more than he'd like.

He wanted to know what would be taken from her. Scoffed when she asked him if her loss was important to him. He hadn't let himself consider the answer, though he has an idea. The answer itself didn't concern him, the why on the other hand. That was a bit trickier.

The way Bedelia seemed so certain and pleased that she's safe from Hannibal had bothered him. No one is safe from Hannibal as long as he breathes. He's proof of that.

The conversation took an after that interesting turn. According to Bedelia Hannibal was in love with him. It had been a surprising revelation but didn't mean anything in the long run.

He left her office, mind swimming with images of slim limbs torn mangled by crooked bite marks. The teeth they belong to burned into the back of his eyelids. He swallows another reliever.

* * *

He suggests his plan to lure the Dragon out to Jack and Alana later that day.

Well, after he received a stern talking to from Jack about being kept out of the loop on the whole revenge thing. Apparently Jack had found out when he came to visit Hannibal to talk about something, the man hadn't mention what, only to find Hannibal wasn't accepting visitors. When she was questioned why, Alana told him Hannibal had entered rut. Jack knew about Will's heat and put two and two together. Alana confirmed his theory after being asked.

Will wasn't mad at Alana, he hadn't asked her to hide it. It actually ended up working in his favor when Jack didn't even ask if he'd imprinted, trusting Alana's observation on the matter. That or they both agreed to keep their suspicion secret. Still the less he had to lie the better chance he had for his secret being kept.

Jack accepts the plan easily enough. Will puts on a good show of pretending to be bitter about resorting to the dangerous plan, it wouldn't do for them to doubt his motives. 'More than they already do.'

He starts working out the details of their operation with the beta. Alana tells him it feels like a trap. She's always been the voice of reason and even now she does not disappoint. Instead of stopping them like the Alana of long ago she tells him he needs some to back his claim. He asks her if she'll do it, knowing that she'll suggest someone else for this fool's errand. It's no surprise when she makes the suggestion to use Chilton as their fool.

Chilton agrees, he doesn't know how they convinced him but Will imagines it wasn't hard. Not with the way the alpha radiates a desperation to prove himself, more so than usual. There's probably a story to it, too bad he doesn't care enough to find out.

* * *

With Freddie now in the mix and everything ready to go they start their attack.

"The Tooth Fairy's actions indicate a delusion that is making up for his inadequacy. Breaking the mirrors relates these feelings to his appearance." Chilton recites.

“Not only is the Tooth Fairy insane, he is ugly and impotent” Will is already enjoying this, it’s not every day he can insult people like he wants, especially ones who have earned his ire. He knows that the impotent remark will particularly rankle the Dragon, knowing the man is an alpha from their brief encounter at the museum.

“There’s a large degree of aggressive and sexual drive, even by alphan standards, that occurs in sadists at an early age.”

“He’s a vicious, perverted, sexual failure. He is no alpha, merely a mindless animal attempting to be one.” He feels Chilton staring at him. The man’s discomfort is amusing.

“The acts are aimed primarily at omegas, and performed in front of the families, it is clear strike at a maternal figure.”

“The Tooth Fairy is the product of an incestuous home.” Freddie is particularly eager to jot this down. He doesn’t know if he should be proud of the fact or disgusted with himself. He settles for a mix of both.

“This is the child of a nightmare.”

Will pauses at the words, and the emotion they carry, considering his next move. He could say more but he knows what has transpired is enough. The only thing he would accomplish by adding more would be ruining his already poor reputation, and scaring Chilton. Playing it safe he makes no motion to stop Freddie as she deems this an end to the interview.

Will invites Chilton into picture, he is relieved when the man agrees. He thought he may have gone too far with enraging the Dragon from the way Chilton had been eyeing him. But the man’s lust for fame override his fear. Whether that fear is of the Dragon or Will himself he can’t say.

Sealing the man’s fate with a hand upon his shoulder, he smiles for the picture.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to let you all know that I regularly look at the comment section, even if it may not seem that way. If I don't reply to some of them it's because I don't know what to say, not because I don't like them. I really appreciate them and it makes me incredibly happy seeing them. To the people who already have left comments, thank you so much!!!

8/20/19: I went back and edited a few parts in chapters 1 and 2 after looking over them again and seeing all mistakes. A good example of why I shouldn't edit while tired. Most of the changes are grammatical or stylistic (There is no good reason for that many and's) though I did add a few things I had forgot to mention. Nothing really important but adding them in (it was mostly chapter 1) makes chapter 2 and on make more sense.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> This took longer than anticipated to get out. This chapter is longer than the previous two because I am impatient and want Hannibal back ASAP

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Freddie hurries out of the office to get the newest edition of Tattlecrime printed by morning. As she was packing up Will heard her mumble something about time constraints and beauty sleep. He knows pure bullshit when he hears it. Freddie would have spent all night if it meant getting that article out as soon as possible. Regardless of when they needed it.

* * *

That night grants him a pleasantly dreamless sleep, possibly the best one since he first joined the case. Will spends the whole day lounging about unimpeded by the shadow of a nightmare. That isn't to say he is not unburdened at all, he has to force himself not to let the restlessness he's feeling bother him. Not to mention the nausea that did not go away or even calm down in the slightest. So he distracts himself with things to do while Jack and his people prepare for tonight.

By the time Jack tells him they're ready, Will's almost finished with the second book he'd packed. He thought two might be pushing it, considering all the running around he would be doing. One would be more than enough for when he'd be up late from the nightmares this case would no doubt bring him. Good thing he second-guessed or else he'd have to find something else to do.

Jack goes over the operation with him, Will only listens enough to answer, not giving the words much weight. He doesn't expect the Dragon to show up tonight.

Sure enough, he doesn't show up at 8:30, leaving Jack disappointed. To make certain the Dragon wouldn't be coming he makes Will stay in the park for a bit. The extra thirty minutes gives him enough time to finish his book, so Will reckons his time isn't completely wasted.

Jack isn't entirely surprised by tonight's outcome despite his disappointment. He informs his people they will be doing the whole thing again tomorrow night. "Hopefully the Dragon forgot to buy Tattlecrime with his coffee this morning," Jack says to Will.

He amends his orders twenty minutes later. Priorities have changed. The men watching Chilton have been found dead in a parking garage and Chilton is nowhere to be found.

* * *

They find Chilton later the next day.

Part of him at least.

On the morning of his fifth and final day of rut, Hannibal received a package. The alpha had been out of rut for a few hours by then so Alana deemed him recovered enough to open it.

The contents of the package held a note, **With These He Offended Me**, inscribed on it, accompanied by Chilton's lips. Will had to give the Dragon some credit, he was about as dramatic as they came. Not one to be outdone, Hannibal had swallowed one of the lips, Alana as his sole witness.

When he first heard of it he had to keep himself from rolling his eyes. Mostly because it wasn't the appropriate response to hearing that kind of thing. Partially because he doesn't want to give himself a stroke. Even worn-out Hannibal still manages to be the most melodramatic.

The orderlies barely had enough time to strap Hannibal down and get someone in there to clean up his 'mess' before Jack arrived.

Alana tells him (she'd been the one to relay the events to him) Hannibal didn't have anything to say that was useful. Will felt a hint of guilt coming from Alana as she spoke. Reasoned it was from something Hannibal had said to her. The man probably guessed that Alana had made Chilton their sacrificial lamb and poked her with it. She didn't mention anything else about the meeting, leading him to believe Hannibal hasn't figured out what the cause of his nausea is. Or he decided not to tell Alana of the bond. Whatever the reason is, he'll take it. As long as it buys him more time.

During the briefing, Jack wouldn't stop sending him heated looks. If Hannibal's rut had ended any later he probably would have gotten another earful from Jack. Still might if any other inconveniences occurred.

Speak of the devil and he shall come, Jack's phone rang. Will and Alana listen intently as Jack speaks with one of his team members.

"What happened?"

A long pause followed, the furrow in Jack's brow growing deeper every second. The room is silent save for the murmur of a voice loud enough to be heard but not understood. The tension in the room is palpable.

"Are you sure?" Jack replies.

A pause.

"Damn. Did she happen to see who did it?"

Another short pause.

Jack sighed “I see. What’s Chilton’s current condition?” Alana and Will exchanged looks at this. Guess they found Chilton. How about that.

“Yes. Keep me updated on any changes.” Jack hung up the phone. The look of concern on Jack’s face vanishes, all that’s left to take its place is exhaustion.

Will and Alana wait patiently for Jack to relay the message. A moment or so stretches on before he takes a deep breath. Exhaustion on his face vanishing into calm neutrality.

“One of the women in charge of patrolling the park saw a light moving across the courtyard and heard screaming. She had been coming back from checking the sides of the building so she wasn’t able to see what it was at first. She was able to get to the courtyard in time to see a person in a wheelchair on fire rolling into the fountain.” A brief glance to Will “I’m sure you can guess who it was she found. Unfortunately for us, she wasn’t able to get a look at the suspect. Not even his vehicle and he used scent neutralizers on top of that so no scent either.”

“Is Chilton okay?” Alana asks. worried.

“He’s not good. He was burned pretty badly. They rushed him to the ER a few moments before I got the call. I’m having them put a man on his door once they’re done treating him for his burns. We don’t know if the Dragon intended Chilton to die from this. The fact that he was rolled into the fountain suggests not, but we can never be too sure. He may change his mind and kill Chilton anyway.”

“What do we do now?” Will asks

“We-” Jack starts but is cut off by his phone coming to life once more. “Yes?” He answers tersely, annoyed at being interrupted. His expression loses the heat behind it as soon as he hears what the voice has to say.

* * *

A package. Jack’s people had found it not far from the scene while combing through the park looking for anything they missed. The package itself was a medium-sized cardboard box. It did not indicate what might be inside or who it was from. The only thing on it was the name **Will Graham** scrawled in a large black font across the front. Once they made sure the package was safe to open, they discovered a reel of film tucked inside.

Finding a projector for the film reel took some time, enough time that they reasoned they should sleep and watch it the next day if they had located projector by then.

Which they had. It was found deep in storage, they were lucky that Quantico still owned one in the first place. Will wondered who Jack managed to convince into spend all night looking. Whether or not it was an agent or trainee looking to get into Jack’s good graces, or some poor soul Jack bullied into doing what he wants. Like usual.

The atmosphere in Jack’s office was riddled with suspense. The projector came to life, with it the image of Chilton cowering in fear. A video of Will’s family, blissfully unaware of the

dangers looming before them, the backdrop to this stage of nightmares. No one says anything about it but Will knows they've noticed.

Chilton stumbles through a speech of the Dragon's making. Chilton himself is not terrifying but the man behind those words is one to be feared.

Will hoped putting Chilton in the Dragon's path would allow the Dragon to take out the blunt of his wrath before coming to him. Figuring it would be easier to reason with the Dragon if he weren't as angry. Death did make negotiating difficult.

However based on Chilton's speech he could go either way, with the level of success. On one hand, he wouldn't be shot outright, which was good. But on the other hand, there's still the matter of his spine being broken. The Dragon could get the drop on him before he could say anything. Which would be bad, considering he liked the use of his legs.

That wasn't enough to stop him. Will had gotten this far, there's no turning back now. He couldn't even if he wanted to. Unless he wanted to play the scared omega card but he's positive Jack and Alana won't buy it. Not when his death is no longer certain in their eyes. Backing out now would only raise suspicion. And guilty conscious wouldn't be enough either. Fine by him.

His attention is pulled back to the video when he hears Chilton's speech turn into begging moments before, the loss of his lips. Alana shuts it off mid removal, looking perturbed. Will mirrors the look, partially genuine.

He had an idea of what he was sending Chilton to. But facing his actions was a bit unnerving. Not in the typical sense. The fact he'd permanently maimed Chilton with his actions wasn't the issue, it was how okay he felt about it. Will thought he had come to terms with the idea and its repercussions, he hadn't considered he may have come to terms with it too much.

It was Hobbs all over again, except he could live with killing Hobbs. Or Tier. Or trying to kill Hannibal in Europe. They were killers, bad men, something Chilton was not, not a long shot. The only thing that man has ever killed was his career when he 'saved' Hannibal. Will should feel bad, he should be wracked with guilt looking at the consequences of his actions. But he wasn't.

Before they leave Jack's office Alana privately advises him that it might be a good idea to go talk to someone. He's inclined to agree.

* * *

Maybe he shouldn't have agreed.

Sometimes Will wishes he knew why he bothers talking to Bedelia.

'Maybe it's because she's one of the few people who's alive while knowing what Hannibal is intimately. And you don't care about her opinion of you enough that it would be a problem talking to her about you and him. And for whatever reason despite perceiving you as

dangerous, albeit not Hannibal level dangerous, she won't tell anyone about the concerning things you say.' His mind traitorously supplies.

Case in point, while talking to her about Chilton's fate she called him out on his bullshit for putting his hand on Chilton's shoulder. She hadn't batted an eye at the attempted murder. That may have been because she was off the mark a bit. A fellowship in risk was not what he had been going for when he did that. She may be more concerned if he told her, he'd fully intended Chilton to be hurt if not killed and knew it would happen.

'One tally for against.' After all, what is the point in seeing her if he's not going to be honest? Then again he's like that with all of his psychiatrists. He really should stop seeing them all together.

When she asks him if what the Dragon did was expected, his answer is candid, "I can't say I'm surprised." Bedelia takes his admission in and tells him he is Hannibal's instrument.

To the outside view, his face looks almost entirely blank, with hints of distaste and disbelief. As if he is processing that information. On the inside, he is mildly annoyed at worst. Maybe even a little satisfied at having pulled the wool over Bedelia's keen eyes. Bedelia thinks he did it because Hannibal got into his head. His actions were and are his own, no amount of Hannibal's influence did this. Chilton was a means to an end, not an experiment suggested by Hannibal.

* * *

Said means to an end proves to be somewhat useful not dead. And not as clueless as he originally thought.

The accusation had come at a bit of a surprise. He didn't think Chilton had it in him. Considering how much pain the words brought him his anger rang with clarity.

Personal growth aside they came here for a reason. "Did you see anything?"

"A lack onega wonan… she was lind" With his anger somewhat dulled after he'd gotten his accusation out, agony began taking over full force. Will could feel it coiling around the edges of his mind. He pushed it out by focusing on his own discomfort, his constant companion bubbling beneath his skin, now an anchor to himself. He does well to keep the pain away when his voice shows no strain. "A black omega woman, she was blind"

"Reba"

Leaving Chilton to his misery Jack gets on the phone, directing his people to find Reba. Little did they know she would find them first.

Chapter End Notes

I really had to hold myself back with the lip thing. I would have gone off with Will criticizing Hannibal for eating it but it wouldn’t have fit the tone I’m going for. Maybe in another fic.

I'm so mean to Chilton in this chapter, I feel bad.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Even before meeting her, Will already had a high opinion of Reba. It's hard not to respect her after all she did. She had not only escaped a burning building unaided by sight, but walked all the way to the nearest gas station. Where she called the fire department then a cab so she could get herself checked into the hospital. While she had been waiting for the cab to arrive she had asked the clerk if they could look up the number that was setup for any information on the Tooth Fairy. She told the agent the Dragon's real name, where he lived and that his house was burning but she'd already sent the fire department. She then gave her name, told him she'd be the hospital for her burns. She gave him the name of the hospital she would be staying in case they still needed to talk to her. Then she hung up.

When the news reached them, Jack couldn't get his people moving quick enough. He told Will to handle getting more info from Reba while he supervised the scene at the Dragon's den. He didn't say dragon's den specifically but that's what Will was calling it in his head.

He despite the grim subject Will found he liked talking to Reba. Normally he didn't do the whole people thing but there was something about her he enjoyed. He felt himself smile naturally a few times while talking to her. When he tried reassuring her it wasn't because it was the correct thing to do or would make him seem easier to talk to, he genuinely wanted to. It was weird.

To bad the news she had was not the good kind.

* * *

Someone had to tell Hannibal the hunt for the Dragon was over, and that they no longer needed his services. It was the polite thing to do after all, god knows what the man would do if he was kept out of the loop.

Will volunteered to do it. He needed to be there to make sure if Hannibal wouldn't be an immediate problem. If he had more time to find something else to do. It had only been two days since he'd been out of rut, and while most people would figure it's a simple case post rut nausea, uncommon but not unheard of, Hannibal is not most people. Will would believe it if Hannibal figured it out immediately. If that was the case he needs to know why the man's hiding it, if his silence is all part of his plan.

Of course volunteering raised some questions, most of them from Jack. After all Will hates Hannibal why would he want to be in the same room as him, when it could easily be someone else's problem?

“I have to give him a proper good-bye don’t I? Since I won’t be seeing him ever again.” He looked at Jack, practically begging him to contradict him. This will be his last case for Jack.

He didn’t put up too much fuss after that. Neither did Alana, also convinced by his reasoning. That or she really didn’t care either way, her questions did sound like token concerns.

As long as he would be seeing Hannibal he couldn’t seem to care.

* * *

He hated how he started feeling better the closer he got to Hannibal’s cell. He knew it would happen but that didn’t mean he had to like it.

‘If he hasn’t figured it out by now he will from this.’ Will thought.

When he enters this time Hannibal is standing a few feet in front of the glass, eyes already on him. A subdued smile on his face. He knew. Will could tell he’d known for a while, nothing on his face gave it away but Will just knew. Now he had to figure out why he kept silent.

“Ding, dong the Dragon’s dead” Will announced, figuring he should get official business out the way first before they get personal.

“You?”

“‘Fraid not, suicide”

“A shame, I was hoping you would. At least you won’t be coming away empty handed. Chilton’s fate for one.” *our bond* went unsaid but Hannibal’s pointed look conveyed his thoughts well enough. “Excellent work. I was thoroughly pleased.” The impersonal yet calculated way Will had thrown Chilton to the lions, excited Hannibal. Will had set up Chilton not out of justice, but merely because he could. It gave Hannibal hope that Will hadn’t back tracked in his becoming during their separation. Will could certainly play the part well, so well that he didn’t know if the Will he’d been talking to was all an act to appeal to him. This convinced him it wasn’t all for show.

“Happy to serve,” He said sarcastically ”though I believe the credit for that one goes to the Dragon, unfortunately he isn’t here to accept your praise.”

Hannibal’s mirth wasn’t disturbed a by the diversion, in fact his smile grew wider.

“That is true and with his absence you would be free to go home to your family, safe from the Dragon’s wrath.” Hannibal conceded

Will grunted his assessment, face blank in nonchalance. Silently wondering what Hannibal was getting at.

“Though I wonder if there is any point.” Hannibal continued. Will raised a brow, prompting Hannibal to elaborate. “Your life there won’t be the same, with what you know and what has come to pass.”

“It’ll be fine” Will said

Hannibal tilts his head in that bird-like manner of his. He finds it ridiculous and somewhat cute. *Cute?* Hannibal isn’t cute, sure he’s handsome he’d have to be blind not to notice that, but a cannibalistic serial killer isn’t cute no matter how he tilts his head. ‘What the fuck is wrong with you Graham? You’re losing it. Again’

He almost misses what Hannibal says next. “Will you be fine? I wonder how long you will be able to keep our bond from Molly, you clearly won’t tell her. You’ve always been afraid of your potential. You’ve been avoiding me and are taking bond relievers. You know first had that those relievers only dull the discomfort. Soon that discomfort Will turn into need. Will you be able to cope then? When your bond relieves will no longer be enough to help you. When you lose your sense of self, like you have always feared?”

“How do you know I’ll lose my mind? I could get hormone treatment.” Will shoots back. Ignoring the part about Molly.

“But you won’t. You won’t chance of people finding out.” Hannibal says with certainty and a bit smugly, noticing Will skirting around the part about Molly. He lets it pass, for now.

Will bristles. “What do you want?”

“You assume I want something. Why is that?” He isn’t wrong, but he won’t let the opportunity to pick Will’s mind get past him.

Will rolls his eyes. “Don’t play games with me. Of course you want something. Unless you really think I would believe you’re just now finding out about the bond? You’re good at hiding, sure but not from this. So what is it?”

That was an excellent question, one that Hannibal had thought of countless times since meeting Will, though answer tended to keep the same idea overall. Hannibal wants an equal, he wants Will to become who he is meant to be. It’s what he’d wanted since the beginning of their relationship. The only difference from back then was how far the term equal stretched. Hannibal didn’t want a mere friend, he wanted Will as his mate. He thought he would have to accept that it might not happen but in light of recent events he may get what he wished for, now all he had to do was wait. Will was unpredictable but he can’t outrun this, he was cornered. He briefly considers gifting Molly something nice, if it weren’t for her Will might’ve had a chance to end the bond without anyone catching wind.

“What I really want is not something you’ll give to me. Not now at least. For now I want you to think of me when it gets maddening polite.”

“Oh? Is that all? Or is this just the first thing you’ll take from me? So sure that I won’t get myself treated just to spite you, my reputation be damned.” Will said baring his teeth at Hannibal in a snarl.

“Unless you’d be more willing to spite me and your reputation than keep your marriage together, then I’m sure.” It didn’t matter to him either way. Either Will would lose his control and come back to him to form the bond or he would get treated to be rid of it, and Molly would leave him. Will would lose the stability of his wife, at a focal point where he’d need all the comfort he could get.

During the weeks of treatment he would seek out loved ones to comfort him as he’d lose his bond. Most people turn to family or partners but Will would have neither. He’d be compelled to come see Hannibal even if he couldn’t do anything about it.

In either case Will would return and it would signal Hannibal to finally break out and escape with Will. Where he would help would cultivate Will’s darkness. He’s sure it will take a while to convince Will. He may need to plant evidence incriminating Will for murder before they escape to prevent him from running off on his own once he comes back to his senses, but Will would change his mind sooner or later. Hannibal was a patient man.

“Molly wouldn’t blame me for what happened, she wouldn’t leave me.” Will said coolly

“Are you sure? That she wouldn’t leave you after finding out you bonded with man who sent the Dragon after her and her son. You have faith that she will not blame you for something you can’t control but she is only human, she can only take so much. Will she be as forgiving when you denied telling her her after it happened? A week might be forgivable in better circumstances, perhaps she’ll think you were scared to tell her, but when will you actually tell her Will? Tomorrow? Next week? Or will you wait until it gets bad enough that your only options are treatment or coming to me? Will you tell her at all or Will she have to find out.?”

Hannibal knew he was being heavy handed but he needed Will to understand his situation, the sooner he did the sooner he would realize he should come to Hannibal. That’s not to say that he thinks Will hadn’t thought of this, merely his boy had the unfortunate habit of denying the truth when left up to him, so Hannibal would help him along. And if Will had more time to cognitively think before deciding Hannibal was his best bet it would me his decision much sweeter.

Will grinds his teeth together but otherwise keeps his expression blank, trying to hide how bad Hannibal had gotten to him. He knew it was pointless, Hannibal knew exactly what he was doing when he said that, but he wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of affirmation. He wouldn’t let him see how it left him feeling more bare than physically pulling back his skin.

Will bristled silently at Hannibal. He wanted to do very violent things to him, reinforced glass be damned. He took a breath to calm himself and prevent himself from continuing this argument. It was hopeless lying to Hannibal half truths were better but he honestly didn’t have the mental energy for manipulation, too raw from the dressing down Hannibal had given him, at the inevitability he faced. Once he was relaxed he registered that his hands had been clenched so tightly he drew blood, the pain unable to break through the cloud of anger.He doesn’t notice when Hannibal’s eyes flick to his palms. Probably for the best.

Will figures now would be a good time to leave, before he does something he’ll regret
“Goodbye Hannibal”

“Was it good to see me?” Hannibal had to audacity to ask.

He looks at Hannibal like he’s lost his mind. “ *Good?* No.”

On the way back to the hotel he thought about what he could do now, with his plan no longer feasible. The Dragon had seen to that. He could figure out another plan to deal with Hannibal, maybe getting Molly to bond with him physically. He hadn’t even considered it before because he thought he could handle it and he didn’t want to ruin a monumental thing by tainting it with Hannibal.

Although it wouldn’t be a guarantee.

Molly was also an omega, it was much harder for omega/omega pairing to bond without the aid of imprinting, not impossible but harder. If one of them imprinted with someone else, especially if it was an alpha, it would lower the chances of a bond that much more. If his body deemed Molly an unsuitable substitute for Hannibal, it’s original pick, he was fucked.

If that happened his body wouldn’t release the chemicals that allowed a mating bite to scar. Then his body would kick into overdrive, he would start craving Hannibal even deeper, Hannibal would begin craving him all the same. They would both go into a semiconscious state, moving toward each other’s location. The moment they entered the other’s line of sight they would both go into heat/rut.

At this point scenting each other wouldn’t be enough to stop the ache. They would have to bite each other to make it stop, his body making sure that some other unworthy suitor wouldn’t try and claim him, a suitor that wouldn’t be as okay with being rejected.

He knows it wouldn’t be as simple as going to each other in their case. Will would make the journey to Baltimore. Hannibal would try to come but he’d be trapped, so he’d eventually stop trying and wait for Will’s arrival, not before looking for every opening to escape. He’d get to the hospital only to be stopped by guards. While they were in this state both of them would be very docile, but if they provoked they would get violent very quickly. Fueled by instincts, either one of them could seriously hurt someone in this state.

Will can’t help but imagine the numerous possibilities this trip could take. He could be so mindless that he would go to Hannibal immediately after the bite, walking all the way to Baltimore as is. Which would be nude as bonding is preferred to be during intercourse, and he knows Molly has that preference. If he was lucky, maybe he would have some level of higher thinking letting him dress before leaving and driving there, where he would get in a wreck killing himself. Or he could get there unscathed. Where the next uncertainty meets him, either the orderlies would by the entrance prepared to sedate him, clued in to his arrival by Hannibal, who got caught trying to escape so obviously, most likely injuring someone when they tried subduing him. Or if Hannibal manages to avoid scrutiny before Will gets to the hospital he would stopped by orderlies unaware of his condition, making it far more likely that he’d be the one to hurt someone.

If he manages to make it to the hospital Alana would know and would have no choice but to throw Will to the dogs, i.e. Hannibal. With no drugs on the market that would stop this, due to lack of necessity from the existence of hormone therapy, it would be cruel for her to keep

them apart. Alana could get away with a few things in her hospital but not that, it was too much to ask.

Any of these scenarios would not be ideal for obvious reasons.

He sighs before unlocking his hotel room door. Who was he kidding when he said he'd be fucked it Molly's bite wouldn't work, he was fucked now.

Maybe more so than he thought. As soon as he got through the door he was grabbed. He felt his assailant place a rag over his face, a chemical smell reaching his nose. Chloroform. He struggled as best as he could but whoever had him wasn't letting go.

'The Dragon' Will thought before unconsciousness overtook him.

Chapter End Notes

Hey y'all sorry the wait! I was having some trouble with the beginning then I got an ear infection so I didn't want to write as much. *sweats*

I can't thank you enough for reading this! Next chapter will have some ~interesting~ developments with Francis so stay tuned.

End Notes

This is my first fic please be gentle.

edit: I've lost the motivation for this and will be abandoning it, sorry.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!